

The Korea Magazine

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Much interesting matter had to be held over until the next issue, after the type had been set, to make room for material which could not wait.

. . .

Heavy floods and consequent delays compel us to issue the Magazine on the second of the month, one day late. This is no fault of the printers, who have more than once been commended for their fidelity and promptness.

. . .

From far-away India comes other requests for THE KOREA MAGAZINE. This interest is appreciated, and our constant effort will be to have the Magazine so filled with things Korean that every subscriber will be anxious to share his fellowship with others. Requests for samples will be honored in the order received.

. . .

The 1917 volume of THE KOREA MAGAZINE bound in half-leather makes a handsome appearance and we are pleased to answer inquiries concerning it. Only books in good condition should be sent to us for binding. A few of the bound volumes may still be obtained at ¥5 on application to the publisher.

. . .

The summer resorts of Korea at Sorai Beach and Wonsan Beach are well patronized this year, and are fully demonstrating their worth. More than the usual number of visitors from Japan and China have found their way to Korea this year. More than the usual amounts of rain and cold have been experienced, but the demand for athletics, baseball, volley ball and tennis, as well as the frequent plunges in the sea, have not been in the least lessened, while many others have utilized a portion of the time in language study, or in Bible or other conferences.



ORPHANAGE SCHOOL AND FARM "YANG YUK PU"
 ("PLACE FOR REARING CHILDREN")

The Korea Magazine

AUGUST, 1918

Editorial Notes.

THE decision reached by Japan and America to send expeditions to Siberia, in co-operation with the other allies, will very greatly change the living conditions in Korea, for foreigners and Japanese and Koreans. Already the price of rice and fuel has gone much higher, and there is every reason to believe that it will be necessary for all to very carefully husband their resources during the next few months.

A thoroughly cosmopolitan audience greeted Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, when he delivered at Wonsan Beach his great speech on "The Fourth of July, 1918." Representatives of at least ten eastern and western nations were present, and heard at first hand the opinions of a world-traveler on events as they are now being shaped. We count it a privilege to present the address to our readers throughout the world.

THE opening chapters of "The Crimson Dawn," appearing in this number, show that the writer is thoroughly acquainted with Korean life, and Korean characteristics. The events recorded in "Blazing the Trail" were in most instances actually known to the author. "Choon Yang" was a translation of a most popular story by a Korean writer of a former day, and now "The Crimson Dawn" will furnish readers of THE KOREA MAGAZINE further knowledge of Korean characteristics, and life among this people.

THE FOURTH OF JULY 1918.

DR. J. A. MACDONALD, *The Globe Toronto.*

The Fourth of July! What a wealth of old associations crowd the American mind, what flood of great ideas surge through the mind of the world, at every mention of this National day of the American Republic!

On this very day, so the morning cables tell us, the honored President of the United States of America, and the representatives in Congress of all the States, and the official representatives of the Allied nations of the world, are met together at Mount Vernon, overlooking the historic Potomac. There, at the place consecrated by the home life of George Washington, his tomb is the shrine of the pilgrims of Freedom from every nation under the far-spreading sky; and there, this very day, the world's homage is paid to the memory of the man whom Americans, with one voice, have named "the Father of his Country!"

And "in ancient London town," at the heart centre of the British Empire, the Stars and Stripes floats over the Houses of Parliament today, over Buckingham Palace, and over Lambeth, over all the places of old-time British pomp, over all the guardians of war-time British power, and over all the sacred places of British hearts and British homes, from Whitehall and Downing Street to the ends of all the earth.

Here, too, on this rim of the eastern world, here at Wonsan Beach, on the sand-washed shore of Broughton Bay, washed by the salt-sea tides of the Sea of Japan—here we meet, we who carry in our veins the blood of a dozen world races, and fly in our hearts the flags of a half-dozen world nations, and, under the protecting folds of the Rising Sun, we do all honor to the Stars and Stripes, and we celebrate the Fourth of July.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

The time is crowded with world events, and the ground whereon we stand is sacred to the memory of empires and of dynasties that flourished and were forgotten long before the

names "America" and "Britain" were known in human speech. How very modern our North American history is comes home to our minds when we recall that the ancient Chinese ruler, Kija, was king here in ancient Korea, and governed from his throne at Pyeng Yang, during the years when David was King of ancient Israel and governed in Jerusalem.

For many centuries the people of this ancient Kingdom were known to the outside world as the "Hermit Nation;" and the Koreans of today, despite all that modern world history does or says, cherish their hermit instincts, and glory in their hermit heritage. In very truth, this celebration of the "Fourth of July 1918," by such a company and in such a place, is without a precedent in any century, without a parallel on any continent.

You loyal Americans do well to remember, what all our American history teaches, that North America is more than a continent of Geography. In the world's history North America is a world idea, a vital and stimulating World Idea. And that world idea which North America embodies, is not of North American origin. It was inherited by North America from the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Celtic forbears of the American people. Today that idea is presented to the world, to the world agonizing in the brutalities and the horrors of a world war, in the two free democracies that hold, and that hold together, the civilized internationalism of the North American continent, from the Mexican border to the North Pole. That North American Idea is this: The Right of a Free People to Govern Themselves.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

It is in the United States and in Canada, in the two self-governing American nations, that the true idea of North American freedom has had its opportunity. The American Republic and the Canadian Dominion agree in this: they each gave a chance to the released and irrepressible idea of freedom. It was that world idea that disturbed the autocracies of Europe, and began their overthrow, long before America played any part in the history of the world.

These two democratic nations of North America are, indeed, Europe's second chance. And North America's real title to greatness must be read in the light which these two American democracies give back to the breeding-places and ancestral homes of their ideals of freedom and their principles of justice, North America inherited a world idea as custodian for all the world. The United States and Canada are trustees for all humanity. Before the world's judgment-seat we and all privileged peoples must give account of our stewardship.

It was in their inheritance of common ideas, and not by the blood of their common ancestry, that the American colonies of Britain first separated in thought from their mother country, and then united among themselves in their common struggle for political self-government in the last half of the eighteenth century. And so it was that the American Revolution and the American Republic were both alike the product and the purpose of vital and energizing world ideas.

And it is by their community of dominant ideas, and not simply because blood is thicker than water, that the United States and Canada are bound together, indissolubly bound together, no matter what war spectres may hover about, for the defense and for the supremacy of North American civilization.

More than that. It is by the ties of their world ideas, and not by any secret diplomacies or any selfish and nationalist programs of their political parties, that the peoples of the United States and Canada are bound together, each with the other, and both with all the free peoples of the English speaking fraternity over all the world. The idea of North American freedom is the badge of North American brotherhood.

THE WORLD BROTHERHOOD.

And wider still. When the world idea of Freedom, the idea of personal liberty and of political self-government and a national integrity—when that idea is made the inalienable right, the unchallenged heritage, of all peoples on every continent—when the day of that larger idea dawns, then shall the whole commonwealth of the British Empire and the whole commonwealth of the American Republic, come together into

full membership in the world brotherhood of all nations, sharers together in that world commonwealth of all peoples, that commonwealth in which there is both East and West, and in which the welfare of each shall be the common obligation of all, and the prosperity of the greatest shall depend on the perfect freedom and equal justice of the least: in that wider sweep of the world life, and in that farther range of the world mind, the Anglo-Saxon idea of government, released in the forests of Northern Germany fifteen hundred years ago, shall have created for all peoples on all the continents of earth a Christian Democracy of which this "Fourth of July 1918" is but a sure word of Prophecy, and a Prelude that makes the prophetic assurance doubly true.

These words of wide range and of large meaning I speak with the utmost deliberateness. I speak them here in Korea at a time when the whole sky of all the world is filled with the fierce shriekings of a world war. I speak them as a Canadian, while all Canada for four terrible years has been straining at every nerve, and the sons of Canada, thousands upon thousands of them, are falling in the trenches and at the battle fronts of Europe, fighting and falling as representatives of Canadian life and of North American democracy, in defense of the right of the free people of Belgium to live their own life and to govern themselves.

And why do I so speak, at such a time, and in such a place? It is because I would have you men and women of these Missions, you Canadians as well as you Americans, believe this one thing, and believe it supremely, that, in the long run and in the ultimate end, dominion among the nations and the victory of the world shall not be with the dripping sword, or with the eighteen inch gun, or with the slaughtering squadrons in the trenches of death; but that the victory, the enduring victory that overcometh the world, shall be with the spiritual powers of free peoples, who, for themselves and for their neighbors, are loyal to the world idea of peace and true to the eternal social law of the world's goodwill.

Ideas are immortal, not brute forces, and not armed legions. When the last hundred thousand shall have fired

their last shot and fallen into their last grave, then shall world ideas of truth and righteousness and service gather up the shattered fragments of the world's civilization, and piece together the violated enactments of world law. Out of the wreck and ruin of our civilization there shall come a new world of free nations. It is for that event, that far-off divine event, to make it clearer and to bring nearer, we all unite today in celebrating the American national day "the Fourth of July."

There was a time in the United States when it was deemed safe politics and sound educational practice to start the history of America with the Revolutionary War. Generations of young Americans were led to think of George Washington, not only as the "father of his country," but as the father of all free countries everywhere. The Declaration of Independence was magnified so as to be regarded as the first real protest of freedom humanity ever made. In those days history itself was still concerned with the doings of kings and conquerors; America had at most no war annals of its own to provide purple patches for the makers of school text-books; and elections fought over again the old battles of the Revolution and of the Civil War. It is not surprising that school histories were written with the bias and the temper of political pamphlets.

AMERICA AND BRITAIN.

But in reality the American Revolution was British before it was American. The tap-root stretched far back through England's political conflicts into Anglo-Saxon soil. Its efficient cause was the real cause of every great revolution in British history.

The Declaration of Independence was indeed only one incident in that noble series of the charters of freedom which knits together the successive ages of English-speaking civilization. The Habeas Corpus, the Petition of Rights, and back of all, Magna Charta itself, were the precursors. Philadelphia, with its Independence Hall, and its 1776, answers back across the centuries, to Runnymede and its assembly of resolute barons who faced King John in 1215.

The Fathers of American Independence were indeed born in the American Colonies, but its true sires, the Fathers after the spirit, were the men, most of them forgotten, who kept the faith of democracy against despots and kings, in the armies of the Commonwealth, on the battlefields of the Scottish Covenant, through the disheartening struggles of Irish nationality, and for wellnigh a thousand years in the assemblies and the parliaments of the Common People of England.

The battles of the Revolutionary War were indeed fought on American soil. The victories of the "embattled farmers" were American victories. The ringing "sound which was heard round the world" carried an American accent. But the spirit of it all, the spirit that made George Washington a world hero, was the unquenched spirit of Anglo-Saxon democracy as it lived in the Englishmen of England whose blood was in Washington's veins.

When George III staked the security of his own crown on his policy for the subjugation of the American Colonies, he committed royal suicide, because he denied the essentials of British freedom, and defied the greatest tribune of the British people. The elder Pitt spoke for age-long British democracy when, in the House of Lords, in 1777, he uttered the deathless words that still ring through history :

"If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never! never! never!"

The thunder of Chatham's speech was in the same note as that which rang through the Virginia Convention in 1775, when the Celtic soul of Patrick Henry came to immortality in the challenge to fight for freedom: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

In some of the Colonies, in Virginia, for instance, the pioneer settlers for the most part came from England. English place names are preserved to this day. Washington's own family was of uncorrupted English blood before it was of proud Virginia birth; and it honored the Stars and Stripes, as

its Washington family crest, generations before that emblem gave national significance to the American flag. George Washington bore through life the distinctive marks of a well-born English country gentleman.

COMING OF THE CELTS.

Every colony in America had received a dash of the blood of the roving and irrepressible Scot; and the Scottish blood that came round by way of the North of Ireland colours the life of the American people, and gives strength and definiteness to the accent of their theology and their politics to this day.

In one great section of the colonies, the Celts, not the Saxons, found their homes and established their institutions before the Revolution. North Carolina was its centre. Celtic deposits are found in every State, but to North Carolina the Scottish Celts by the thousands, speaking the Gaelic language, came in the hard days that followed the last Rising of the Stuarts,—known in history as “The Forty-five”—and their defeat, under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, on Culloden Moor, in 1746.

There are here, attending the meetings of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, those of Celtic ancestry, from the American South and from Nova Scotia, who are not unfamiliar with the romantic story of the Scottish heroine, Flora Macdonald, and who are not ignorant of the part she played in fighting for the House of Stuart in Scotland and for the House of Hanover in America. They, at least, esteem her heroism and her fidelity, though she lost for both.

But that is another story. Its interest for us, on this Fourth of July, is in the motive that held those Scots in America to serve on the side of the Hanoverians. No, it was not love for George III. In America they loved that English-born but German-bred monarch not one atom more than they did in Scotland thirty years before. It was the oath. After their defeat at Culloden, those Scots were compelled to renounce allegiance to the Stuarts, and to take the oath to the new King. They took the oath, not for love's sake, but of necessity. But, having taken that hated and humiliating

oath, they kept it. They crossed the Atlantic, only in time to come under its allegiance. But, though they had sworn to their own hurt in Scotland, in America they changed not.

Thousands of Macdonald clansmen were in North Carolina at the time of the Revolution. Every drop of that clan-blood in my veins was drawn from the hearts of men whose political sympathies were with the Patriots, but, because their oath was held sacred, they served on the side of the Loyalists. The very man whose name I bear was a corporal in the Royal Highland Regiment, three thousand strong, that fought at the decisive battle of Moore's Creek; and his brother served under Cornwallis at Yorktown, when the "insignia" of Hanoverian authority in the Colonies was surrendered to General Washington.

Times have changed since then. I have made Fourth of July addresses, and Washington Birthday addressess, and Cornwallis Surrender addresses, oftener than most native-born Americans. Two years ago, at an annual Assembly in Chicago, after telling this story of Washington and Cornwallis of a hundred and fifty years ago, I, with my unmistakable ancestry, was made a precedent in being elected member of the "Sons of the American Revolution."

Times indeed have changed, and with them have changed our sense of values in the membership of the Anglo-American unity. No man, anywhere in America, or in Britain, or in any land where honor is kept or truth revered, or treaties respected, will ever again think to express regret or to make apology because the blood in his veins was drawn from the hearts of men, who, in the decisive hours of life, were loyal to "a Scrap of Paper."

And so it is not unfitting that on this Fourth of July, here on the shore of the Sea of Japan, I should meet college graduates from America, giving their life service for the redemption of the Orient, whose native State is North Carolina, and who speak with pride of the institution for the education of young women in Cumberland County, known for many years as the "Southern Presbyterian Ladies College." Its name was changed in 1916, incorporated by the State Legisla-

ture, and, on the birthday of Queen Victoria, it was rededicated, in memory of the Scottish heroine who served there through five war years, as "The Flora Macdonald College."

"THE FOURTH" IN CANADA.

It is both fitting and significant that at this unique celebration of the great American day, your spokesman should be a Canadian of at least five generations of Canadian ancestry. My native country earned a place in American history long before five hundred thousand Canadian soldiers volunteered in Canada, and crossed to the war-zones of Europe, breaking the trail for the million Americans there today, and the millions more making ready to follow after.

Canada was the first colony of any empire in all the world's history to come to national self-government without revolution, without separation, and without sacrificing the background of the nation's history.

Not by the old way of war, and not at the cost of alienations war always brings, but by a new and living way, the way of normal evolution and peaceful development, came Canada to share in America's freedom, and to hold, on the American continent, the most strategic place of Anglo-American unity in the English-speaking world.

Not by inheritance alone, and not by any happy chance of geography or of history, but by the deliberate and the persistent choices of the Canadian people, was it determined that Canada should stand up in North America, a free nation, giving emphasis and authority to the democratic right of every free people to govern themselves. Through generations of confusion and conflict, involving fierce political struggles and sometimes armed strife, the people of the colonies of Canada came up to the rights of national autonomy secured through the British North American Act of 1867.

And a half-century later, when the scattered colonies of Canada had grown into a confederated Dominion covering a half-continent, and when the far separated and divergent populations had become a nation of eight millions, in the epoch-making war days of 1914, Canada was not disloyal to

that imperial allegiance, nor disobedient to that heavenly vision. When the grim day of testing came, when the ready declaration of words had to be registered in blood-marked and costly deeds, the responsible Parliament of Canada, by the consent and with the support of all political parties in the elected House of Commons, declared to themselves, to their constituents, and to all the world, that the historic Anglo-Saxon principle of government means, and must be made to mean, freedom and self-government, not for Canada alone but for Belgium as well. That declaration of the world-significance of the North American principle of national freedom, Canada has endorsed in the unstinted sacrifices of all her people, and has sealed, and to the tragic and terrible end will continue to seal, in the strong young blood of the best of her sons.

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT.

North America's civilized internationalism is North America's greatest achievement. It is the chiefest thing North America has to show. It is the noblest expression of North American life.

Other things have been done in America, new and great and surprising things, which have been heralded as among the wonders of the world, the enduring marvels of all the centuries. Lines of transportation have been constructed which join the equator to the poles ; a canal has crossed the hemisphere uniting the oceans ; insuperable mountain-ranges are made as though they had not been. Things have been done, as by the waving of a wizard's wand, which mock at the achievements of other continents.

But this that these two English-speaking nations of North America have done, and have done together, and have done through more than a hundred changing years, is without parallel on any continent, without precedent since time began. It is indeed not a thing at all. It is an idea ; the noblest expression of North America's world idea. It is a promise : the confident promise and the matchless prelude of the world's Christian civilization. It is a spirit : the embodied spirit of the International Christ.

THE AMERICAN MARVEL.

Citizens of the United States and Citizens of Canada cross and recross their international boundary a thousand times, unconscious of its meaning and its marvel. But, you men of the Orient, stand before a map of that historic boundary with open eyes, and see what it is. Think what it means, and "the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Westward you go from the surge of the Atlantic a thousand miles, through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the spreading River, past the sentinel fortress of Quebec, where Britain and France once contested for a continent, past Mount Royal where Jacques Cartier reared the fleur de lis and cross, past the Rapids of Lachine, sacred through the centuries to the faith of La Salle, and on through the Thousand Islands to the headwaters of the mighty St. Lawrence.

Westward up another thousand miles of open international waterways—Lake Ontario and the Niagara River! Lake Erie, the Detroit, and the St. Clair! Lake Huron, the St. Mary's, and Lake Superior! then down the Rainy River and out over the Lake of the Woods! lakes greater than Europe's seas, and carrying on their peaceful waters the abounding commerce of both nations, from the throbbing heart of the continent to the ocean currents of the world!

Still westward from the Great Lakes, another thousand miles to the foothills of the Rockies, over wide open prairies, where yesterday the buffalo roamed, his range disputed only by the Red Man, where today the White Man has his many-mansioned home, and where the unguarded international dividing line never answers to the tread of an enemy army from either side!

From the foothills westward again, a thousand miles over a billowy sea of mountains, through whose solitary passes, gleaming in the sunlight and darkening in the shadow, no army ever files, and whose echoing peaks give back no shriek of any shell!

And then northward up the coast, and, from the Pacific, far more than another thousand miles to the Arctic, over a primeval wilderness of wealth and wonder, where nation

keeps faith with nation, and where, in the vast solitudes of Nature, even the world's outlaws obey the law!

There you have it! More than five thousand miles of North America's international boundary between the United States and Canada! More than five thousand miles where free nation meets free nation! where vital interest touches vital interest! where imperious flag salutes imperious flag! where a people's sovereignty answers back to a people's sovereignty! More than five thousand miles with never a fortress! never a battleship! never a yawning gun! never a threatening sentinel on guard! More than five thousand miles of war's neglected opportunity! More than five thousand miles of civilized and Christianized internationalism! God's shining sun, in all his circling round, lights up no such track of international peace, and crosses no such line of international power, anywhere else in all the world.

And this that those two nations of America have done, this unprecedented and unparalleled achievement of North American peace and goodwill, is the work, not of spiritless and backward races, but of two of the most enterprising peoples in the foremost files of time. Other nations on other continents may boast of their past, but with those young democracies of North America is the future of the world.

The United States and Canada, two democracies with their two flags, have kept the peace, the peace with honor, not for one brief spasm, or through one sudden outburst of good-will. For more than a hundred years, a hundred restless turbulent years, while the boundary lines of every other continent have blazed in war and have dripped with blood, the internationalism of North America has held; and today, in the smitten face of Europe's international tragedy, North America gives the pledge, the unbroken pledge, of a far greater peace for all free nations of the world through a glorious millenium yet to come.

AMERICA'S MEANING.

What is the meaning of this marvelous thing done by America through her century of international progress? It means this, that, as between two civilized nations, war is not

only an anachronism, disproved by life, but a barbarism, denied by all the history of civilization. Militarism, as Germany's war-lords have been shouting all these years, glorifies brute-force, and makes its appeal to the discredited Caesar of Will-to-Power. America answers back out of its proved experience of civilianism, and makes appeal to the International Christ, with his eternal motto of Will-to-Serve.

AMERICA'S MESSAGE.

On this Fourth of July 1918, here in this Japanese Province of Chosen, this ancient kingdom of Korea, and speaking from the lips of a native-born Canadian, what message has America for Japan, and for China, and for India, and for Russia, and for all the peoples crowding into this storm-centre of the Orient?—What message, has the Fourth of July today? Is it not the message of the angel-chorus over Bethlehem's star-lit plains two thousand years ago? "Peace on Earth! Goodwill to Men!" There can be no peace for the nations, in the East or in the West, unless and until there is Good-will among their Princes and Potentates, in all the secret places of their Chancelleries, throughout their Armies and their Navies, and in all the Parliaments of their Peoples. Peace and Goodwill is America's message to the Nations.

AMERICA'S MOTIVE.

And what is America's motive? Why are there in Europe a half million veterans out of Canada's eight million people? Why are there a million from the American Republic in Europe today, with all needed millions crowding every transport, eager to join the unnumbered millions from Britain, and from all British Dominions of the English speaking world, who have held, through these four deadly years, the defences of humanity? Why? Do the blood-baptised Allies of Belgium and France love War? No, they hate war, hate it with an incurable and unconquerable hatred. To every last man of them, in very truth and in terrible fact, war is Hell. It is for Peace, for a just, a righteous, and an enduring World Peace, the free nations of North America are in Europe today. That is America's Marvel, America's Meaning, America's Message, and America's Motive on this "Fourth of July 1918!"

THE RAINY SEASON.

As time goes on and changes come, the whims and notions that attend the rainy season in Korea seem to change as well. Surely in the old days we can remember the kind of deluge that marked the months of July and August, when, through every opening chink in the tiles, came muddy water pouring over bed and board till even husband and wife differed in their veiws as to how to meet the dire disaster. His idea, for example, was to go to bed under an umbrella guy-roped at the corners and let the pesky thing rain its fill. Hers was to spend the night chasing the leaks with pots, pans, and kettles. This illustrates a difference of viewpoint that frequently developed during the rainy season.

Says she, "My bed-spread will be ruined by this muddy drip from the rafters."

"Who can stop it?" answers he.

Behold him trying to sleep while lights chase each other through all the rooms and corridors, and the airy flitting form of his wife appears and disappears.

All this goes on while the drops in varying tones lull his sleepy slumbers: one a big flat drop goes *plak, plak* two every three seconds; another, light and more nimble, goes *dook, dook, dook*, faster than the second hand can run. Another is heard in the dim distance echoing *pat, pat, pat*. The wife listens and says, "I declare, there's another leak. Where do you suppose that is?" It falls regularly and in rhythmic measure but where? Unable to locate it she glides softly to her husband's side, with candle in hand, and says, "Walter," or "William," as the case may be, "there is a leak somewhere that I can't locate. Will you get up and see what we had better do about it?"

"Sakes alive!" says he, "Have some sleep and let the blithering thing go; who cares where it is? The whole house is leaking."

"But I prefer to see where I am," says the wife, "I could not think of sleeping in such a mess as this." She finally succeeds in getting her husband to ascend the unused staircase to the attic to look for the mysterious dropping. He finds it

in the dark by one great globule falling square on the back of his neck and going down.

"Thunder and lightning," says he, "When you build a house next time please put a roof on it." He seemed to be talking to his wife but the point he makes is not quite clear. Thus the night passes, and a clammy day succeeds. Every kind of musty, mouldy smell imaginable creeps forth from the shaded corners and rides on the air. Boots turn a grayish white, silver goes black, and kid gloves take on a look as though infected with spotted fever. The *penicillium glaucum*, an artistic fungus adorns the bread you eat, the books you read, the thoughts you think, and the world you live and move in.

Frogs burst forth, from who knows where, as by the touch of a button, and a roar that vies with the Western Front keeps up for forty-eight hours after the down-pour.

Walter, worn to a frazzled edge by his past night's experience was in no humour or mood to stand nonsense from these frogs. He was overheard, so I learn from his wife, to use language in regard to them such as no missionary should ever use. However we regard the circumstances as in a measure extenuating.

This is but the barest outline of the old-fashioned rainy season when the clouds came down in tin-cans and buckets, with ceilings falling, walls giving way, cockroaches and centipedes racing for dear life to find some protected hole or corner, while husband and wife were at it by united or divided effort to save the fortunes of the day.

This period has passed, the rains have grown wiser and more gentlemanly in their deportment and come now with a measured moderation that is much appreciated. Roofs leak less than they did, ceilings are not so inclined to fall, while walls and embankments seem better able to hold their own, and husband and wife are left with better changes of sweet accord.

THE RAINY SEASON.

BY

YI KYOO-BO 李奎報 (1163-1241 A. D.)

The summer rains distress my soul
 And pour in torrents o'er the land ;
 Soon men will all be fish to swim,
 And streets will serve for masted ships.
 Then let us work, and build, and caulk,
 Since all the land has turned a sea.
 The neighbouring town seems miles away ;
 My south court wall has toppled o'er,
 While north and west hang tipsy-wise.
 No power on earth can stop the leaks ;
 With shade in hand I try to sleep.
 My wife and weans untutored are,
 And so they fuss, and fume, and fret.
 I tell them that it's God's affair,
 How can they think to grumble so ?
 I wonder what this storm portends ?
 A deluge where a town should be.
 'Tis hard to know what God will do.
 Please help us Lord, we bow to Thee.

Note : This is a picture handed down from the ancient days of Koryu. It rained then as it used to rain in this country about 1888. It seems to the writer that the rainy season has truly lost some of its ancient vigour and that it does not come down in spouts and torrents as it used to.

Yi Kyoo-bo was bald, without a spear of hair on his head we are told. How startling these great drops of the rainy season would be coming through the thatch and landing on his sensitive pate! We see him in the midnight hours trying to ward them off with an umbrella. Let us hope that the drip from the shade that guards him is not landing on his wife. The poem does not leave one wholly without this impression. A sermon in the midnight hours too, is a bit far-fetched, no wonder she was disinclined to listen, especially when the domestic fortifications were giving way right and left as they seem to be here.

He returns in thought to the source of all things and adds a prayer.

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS

I

Associated with Pyeng-yang is the ancient mud wall of Keui-ja. This can be traced from behind the Mission Compound swinging off toward the south and continuing on till it touches the bank of the river. So distant however is the historical period of this mud wall, and so lacking in ancient remains, that we take the tradition for what it is worth and pass it by. Keui-ja was undoubtedly here and his footprints dimly mark the land. It is still Keui-ja's city after all this long lapse of time.

In the year 108 B. C. the famous Han Mooje, Emperor of China, who held his capital in Chang-an (長安), hobnobbed with the Western Queen Mother (西王母), and had the fairies drop down in their winged chariots to delight his heart with stories of other worlds than ours, conquered Korea and divided the northern part of it into Four Provinces, Nak-nang (浪樂) on the west occupying much of modern Pyung-an (平安); Im-toon (臨屯), to the east, where Kang-wun (江原) is; Hyun-too (玄菟) to the north, in the region of Ham-kyung (咸鏡); and Chin-pun (眞蕃) having its centre in the Long White Mountains.

We are interested specially in Nak-nang for in this late age its capital is found to have been just south of the present railway station of Pyengyang across the Tai-tong ferry, in the little village of Suk-am. The boat that plies between the islands of Yang-kak (羊角) and Pong-nai (蓬萊) will take you straight into this ancient site of Nak-nang's capital.

Here under direction of Dr. Sekino were discovered in 1913 and 1914 many ancient tombs built of lofty chambers with high brick walls. (See The Government's *Pictorial Album of Ancient Remains* Nos. 1-47) The interstices between the brick were in many cases filled with ancient tiles and pottery that point to the kingdoms of Han and Wi (漢魏 206 B. C.—237 A. D.) while from the tombs there came forth many articles of a long-forgotten age, swords, mirrors, finger-rings,

jars, pots, braziers. No end is there to the ancient remains hereabout so that this place has come to be regarded as the real site of the ancient capital of Nak-nang.

Some of the specimens found are now in the Industrial School in Tokyo (工科大學校), some in the College of Arts (文科大學校), and some in Prince Yi's Museum, Seoul. The tiles found kicking about are as artistically moulded as a pat of butter, in lines and curves and soft pebbled surfaces.

Reading among the old remains we can guess somewhat as to the kind of people the Koreans were in those days a hundred years before Christ. Judging from one tomb fourteen feet high in the middle, with an anteroom of nine by six feet, and an inner room of nine by ten, built of brick so substantially and well that it has outlasted 2000 years, they were assuredly great lords and kings in those days as compared with us ancient Britons who lived in the spheres of nakedness and painted noses. A great splendid chamber was this tomb. In it, too, were many evidences of high civilization. These broken bits of tile tell of lofty halls and high palaces. The spears and swords mark the owners as warriors; the money, as traders. A decorated cross-bow found on one side and many ornaments of gold give proofs of advanced culture. Finally, from amidst these wonders that come forth to speak to us of the past, is a mirror nine inches in diameter that has on the circles of its back two inscriptions. One reads, 長宜子孫 *Something eternal for my posterity*. Who made it I wonder? Little did he think that it would outlive all his childrens' childrens' children, and last on through millenniums to come.

This inscription is mentioned specially in the *Chong-Chung Ewang-ji* 鍾鼎款識 a book that gathers up the sayings of China as found on pottery, household utensils, etc., and is marked as pertaining to the Kingdom of Han.

A second inscription on the back in the outer circle reads 壽如金石佳且好兮 *May your life (my mirror) be eternal as the hills (metal and stone), beautiful and good*. What fair lady trimmed her glossy locks by its shining face we can never know, but the wish of the maker for his mirror has indeed come true. This mirror is in the Museum of the Industrial

School, Tokyo, a model of beautiful workmanship for all time.

Let the good people of Pyengyang take an outing beyond the railway line across the river by the smoking power-house to Suk-am (石岩) and they will know that they are standing on one of the most interesting land-marks of East Asia, with the broken fragments beneath their feet saying that they saw the days when the captured King Jugurtha was being led in triumph through the streets of Rome.

SEVENTH NIGHT OF THE SEVENTH MOON

AUGUST THIRTEENTH.

As the year comes round the old story of the Cowboy and the Spinning Damsel returns to memory and finds itself repeated.

The Milky Way is regarded as the great river of the sky, and when the 7th night of the 7th Moon returns, the crows and magpies join forces with their fluttering wings to form a bridge across which the Herdsman makes his way to the Maiden, who has left her shuttle and comes to meet her lover. But it is only for the night, for when morning comes they must bid farewell and hie them back to their world of separation.

The fairy of the Moon, Hang-a, (姮娥) who lives in perpetual widowhood and has an evil mind, is jealous of this joy and so makes clouds to rise, and hides the favour of the moon. She sleeps beneath the cassia tree and guards the Wide-cold Palace (Kwang-han Chun) with its curtained walls.

The dragon is the winged horse of the sky, and on his back the lovers ride up to the Milky Way. Old Hang-a sprays his back and makes it slippery so that the man and maiden like Helle of the golden fleece may find it hard to keep their hold.

The azure pigeons are the winged messengers of the Taoist Queen, Su-wang-mo, (See the KOREA MAGAZINE Vol. I; 295).

Kim Keuk-keui (金克己) a great master of the character, who lived in Kyung-joo about the year 1200 writes of this 7th Night of the 7th Moon thus :

"The Milky Way looms up behind the clouds, where meet to-night the fairies of the sky. The shuttle sound is still, the loom has ceased ; while crows and magpies urge each other on. They scarcely meet to tell of partings long when once again morn breaks and they must go. Like bursting springs adown their cheeks fall tears, while on the wings of autumn rain-drops fall. The curtains of the moonlit fairy's hall hang cold and clear. She sleeps alone beneath the cassia tree and dreams her jealous mind of others' joy. Close fast she locks the palace portals of the moon and lets no light to shine. The dragon's back is wet and hard to ride while azure birds are heavy-winged to fly. When morning breaks across the darkened world the weather clears although her lover's clothes may damaged be."

THE KOREAN LANGUAGE

(A QUESTION OF HONORIFICS)

The Korean language is surely gifted with the greatest quantity of honorifics ever seen under the sun. The man spoken to, the man spoken of, and the man himself all have to do with the particular form of sentence used.

Honorifics may be illustrated by lines, or curves, downward, even, or upward. The East especially enjoys speaking with the downward curve, when the sentence has in it something of the flavour of, "You uncombed dog, you, hear what your grandfather has to say."

This takes in servants, children, younger relations and everyone else it can lay its hands on. A most interesting line of communication is this downward curve that you hear in the *ha-yu-ra*, *muk-eu-ra*, *ka-ku-ra* or *keu-man-too-u-ra* of every day. There is nothing really malignant in it ; it is like a freehanded cuff on the side of the head suggesting that the party spoken to keep his place. No person in Korea likes

to be spoken to in this way, and yet in the space of a quarter of a century the writer has seldom heard anyone resent it, or offer a reply. Once on a time, a veay voluble day-labourer told a serving-woman we had, that he had no intention of taking her downward curves, and that she could deal them out elsewhere. However, before they got through she gave him such a dose of how his grandmother would talk to him, that he bowed his head under the torrent of it and said no more. How wonderful it is that a Korean knows just when and how to level the shots so effectively that roar along the downward curves.

He does it by endings, by different words, or by an entire recasting of the sentence.

Should foreigners use them? Foreigners don't know how to use them. They do the best they can with children and school-boys, but they soon find that the ordinary grown-up servant resents a foreigner's low forms as much as an Irish Nationalist dislikes being 'Don't yow know'd' by an Englishman.

The even line represents the ordinary run of conversation between equals. This too, is very interesting as it frequently resolves itself into a mutual give and take sansceremonie. Any student of the language must be charmed with the surprising ease with which equals deal with each other, by familiar touches, by shortened forms, or by the use of a code entirely their own.

Then there are the high forms that curve upward with the grace of a freshly launched aeroplane. The store of high honorifics that the ordinary Korean has in his keeping surely beats all. A tousle-head from the street if suddenly ushered into the presence of a king will acquit himself with a curve of high regard that would put all our best efforts to collect our senses to shame. How skilfully he can express that graceful touch of honour; and what a world of compliment he can call forth from among his linguistic reserves that hang on the turn of a word or the upward swing of the sentence.

One of the uses of these higher forms is that you can deal

out a 'piece of your mind', that is, say definitely what you wish, and at the same time smooth the listener's feathers by the gentle upward curve of the sentence.

The writer regards Korean as one of the most highly gifted forms of expression. It goes to show, daily, how crude we are in our manner of speech, and how little time we have spent in thinking out forms that would express a sense of appreciation or high regard.

J. S. GALE.

THE SCHOOLS OF SEOUL.

Various Schools below the Higher Common (Ko Tung) Grade

Earlier sketches have treated the Soh Dangs, the Kindergartens, and Primary schools for Koreans and for Japanese. In later issues of the KOREA MAGAZINE the Higher Common schools, and the Academic, Collegiate, and Special Education of the city will be covered. This article will include several schools that are more or less irregular in their relation to the articulate Government system.

1. Government (Kwal Nip) Primary Schools for Koreans. There are two, one for boys, enrolling 339, the other for girls with 172 enrolled. Each school is attached to the corresponding Higher Common School for Koreans, the *raison d'etre* being to furnish practical work for the students in the Normal classes. The course is the regular Primary School one, but as the regular teachers are members of the faculties of the Higher Common schools, and the practice teaching by normal students is done under their supervision, the work of the schools is said to be above the average, even of Government Schools. Both are financed directly by the Government-General, as are the schools to which they are attached.

2. Schools for the Blind and the Deaf and Dumb. One institution, located outside the West Gate, houses both schools, though the courses are naturally different. Both are supported by the Government-General. Blind pupils 35, 3 of them be-

ing Japanese. Twenty eight live at the school, and are entirely supported by it, while the others live at home.

The blind students take a three-years' course, modelled after the regular Primary curriculum, but inferior to it. They study Ethics, the National Language, Korean Grammar, Arithmetic, Singing, and Calisthenics. They excel in using the abacus, or counting-frame. As a means of earning a living, they are taught massage, which as all know, is in Japan Proper a specialty of the blind. All the 37 graduates of the school are practicing this art, and their monthly incomes range from ₩15.00 to ₩30.00. Some are employed in Hospitals, others are independent, all are doing well.

The course for the Deaf and Dumb is 5 years, covering the same subjects, substituting for massage, drawing, sewing (hand and machine), embroidery, and other handicrafts. The 6 graduates have found it hard to make a living, and at present the experiment of teaching them tailoring is being tried. An effort has been made to teach them to speak, but it has not been a great success, though some of the advanced students can articulate distinctly. Class-room work is carried on by the finger alphabet. Of the 31 students, one is a Japanese. All but 9 are supported by the school.

3. Orphanage. Western readers may be surprised to find this listed among the schools. As a matter of fact, the 29 boys and 2 girls, all Koreans, in the school, are only about one-fifth of the whole number in the institution. Japanese children of school age attend the public school. The course taught is practically that of the Primary schools for Koreans, with special attention to Agriculture. When the boys have finished the school, and are big enough to work, they are sent to the school farm in Yang Ju County, where they remain till they leave the orphanage. If one of them wants to be independent, he can file his petition for release and if it meets the approval of the authorities, it is granted. Already in the six years of its existence, the school has sent out a number of such graduates, who are doing well. It is interesting to note that while the boys usually go to the farm when they are 15 years old, there are some who are past 20, still staying there.

The smaller children up to 6 years (Eastern count) are many of them put out in Korean homes, the others live in the Orphanage and are a sturdy, happy set of youngsters. The total present enrollment is 107 boys and 46 girls; 3 boys and 3 girls are Japanese.

The Orphanage is located in a fine old Korean building, in Cha Kol, one of the most beautiful parts of the city. The pictures do it less than justice, and the whole place is well worth a visit. Taking a rickshaw from either Chong No or the Bright Moon Restaurant, it is a half-hour or less, all the way up-hill. The writer had some delay in finding it, and was told by the very courteous teacher who showed him through "You made a mistake in asking for the 'KOA WON' (House of Unfortunate Children) you should have called it the 'YANG YUK PU' (place for rearing children)." This name is a happy omen for the institution, greatly needed in Chosen.

4. Elementary Industrial Schools for Boys (Korean).

One of these is connected with the Oh-I-Dong, primary School (opposite Dr. Gale's residence at Yun Dong). It takes graduates of the Primary School, and gives them a year's course in either carpentry or blacksmithing, with some classroom work, and a great deal of practice. The present enrollment is 54, and the annual expense is estimated at ₩1,500. The work turned out by the students is surprisingly good, and graduates from this school are in demand.

At Ryuzan there is a night-school of the same grade, whose students, 27 in all, are mostly employed in the Manchurian Railway Shops. The head of the school is an overseer in the shops.

5. Business schools for Korean boys. There are two, one a night school attended principally by boys employed by day in various Government offices, the other for graduates of the Primary Schools, who want training for business life. The attendance is 30 at the former and 61 at the latter. As these schools are both in connection with regular schools, there is little expense involved in their upkeep, the teachers give their services free.

6. Y. M. C. A. Industrial School. This "has for its pur-

pose the teaching of a trade by which the student intends to earn his living after graduation." The courses are six: Cabinet Making, and Machine Work, 3 years each; Printing, and the making of Soap and Candles, 2 years each; Wicker Furniture making, 1 year; and Photography, six months.

The courses are open only to members of the Y. M. C. A. and each student on entrance presents a letter from a responsible guarantor. A small wage, reaching in the last year of the course a maximum of ₩6.00 to ₩9.00 per month, is paid after the first few months, to students who show ability and diligence.

The present enrollment is 42, divided as follows: Cabinet Making, 15; Machine Work, 5; Printing, 6; Soap and Candle Making, 7; Wicker Furniture, 5; Photography, 4. Graduates of the various courses are giving a good account of themselves in many important positions.

7. Y. M. C. A. Night School for Working Boys. This little-known institution enrolls at present 268 boys in 6 divisions. Those who graduate from the highest class have finished a course more than equal to that of the regular Primary School. The students are boys who have no other chance of studying, and many of its graduates and old students have gone into good positions. A marked instance of dogged perseverance is the case of Chung Hi-chin who graduated in 1916. He had been 6 years in the school, making his living by selling medicine during the day, and in the whole time, never missed an evening, though his home is far outside the gate of Seoul.

8. Church and Mission Schools of Primary Grade. Counting the Primary Departments of Ewha and Paiwha, the Methodist Sechools for girls, there are 13 of these schools in the city. They enroll 904 boys and 1,020 girls, and report 47 men and 38 women teachers. One of the men and 8 of the women are Japanese, the others Koreans. The annual budget is ₩18,203, exclusive of salaries of Foreign superintendents.

Buildings and equipment vary greatly, the best are not

much inferior to the Government schools, the poorest are not much better than the best Soh Dangs.

Last Spring the graduates numbered 147, of whom 54 went on to Church schools, and 21 to other schools. It is only fair to say that a large part of the 54 continued their studies in the two Girls' Schools named above.

E. W. KOONS.

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712 CHAPTER II.

This diary written by the Envoy's brother, Kim Chang-up tells of the interesting things seen and the happenings by the way. It completes the journey as far as Mukden. This will suffice to give the reader an idea of what Mr. Kim saw and thought of as he moved on into the wonderland of China. Of course this was the day of the Manchoo dynasty and so the glory that had gone with China of the Hans, the Tangs, the Songs, and the Mings was absent. Nevertheless it was the great Mother Imperium and Kim and his company were interested.

Next month we shall give his entrance to Peking and lead the reader to see its mysteries through the Korean eye.—Editors.

3rd day. Weather fine and warm.

We had breakfast and set out on our way. Having gone a *li* or so we saw to the west a hill that stood up before us like a standing screen. There was an interesting old stone at the top, but the writing on it had become so blurred by age, that we could not make out the time when it was erected. When we got to this point my brother gave up his palanquin and rode upon a pony. I myself walked along with the attendants. The road was terribly rough and full of stones and ce, while snow covered all the surface, making it very slip-

pery and exceedingly difficult for walking. The colour of the rocks here is of a greenish blue, and because of this the name of the range is so given, Green Stone Range. Looking down into the valley, I saw a mixture of clouds and snow views.

The first light of day tipped the peaks with the tints of the morning. In the enjoyment of it I turned and looked many times. Three or four Manchus were living here in a grass hut beneath the shelter of the rocks, and were busily engaged in the work of burning charcoal. I spoke to them and said, "Are you not afraid of big bugs?" meaning tigers. They replied, "There are no big bugs here."

We went seven or eight *li* further and arrived at Wolf Mountain, where there were many settlements of people. Women came out beyond the palings to see us, among whom were some Chinese that I saw for the first time. We slept at the Government quarters, where a townsman called Ko Wha said he had known Chang Hyon, Pak I-chai and Su Hyo-ram when they had come through on former embassies. I asked him his age and he said seventy-nine. He told me also that in his childhood he had seen the ceremonial robes and fashions of the Ming kingdom and could remember them well. I asked him about the Prince Imperial of the Mings as to what had become of him. He said that he had tried to assassinate the Manchu Emperor, and had then disappeared, while all his friends had been killed. I inquired also as to whether they had set free the Ming Emperor's son, Whang. He said, "No, he is still in prison." He also said that the Shantung people, or pure Chinese, had recently lost greatly in trade at the hands of the † Nan-too and that he also had suffered as well. I told him I had heard that the people of Shantung had petitioned the Emperor regarding the matter but that he had submitted their difficulty to the Governor of Mukden. It was said that a lawsuit had been entered at Mukden regarding the matter, and so I inquired as to who was winning and who losing. His reply was "A few days ago three officers of the Department of Justice came from Peking to Mukden to settle the matter,"

† The Nan-too were brokers who acted as go-betweens between Korean and Chinese merchants.

but he did not know yet definitely who had won. I desired to ask him still further regarding the questions involved, when several of the Nan-too came in at this point and so the Chinaman left and did not again come back.

Five or six of the Nan-too had followed us all the way from Pong-sung. Whenever we stopped they put in an appearance, and took note of our surroundings and conditions. They had their spies also among our interpreters and so were kept posted as to everything we did or said. A wretched company! We had fourteen or fifteen of them among us I was informed, while two of them made the journey along with a Manchu interpreter.

4th day. Weather fine and clear. 25 miles.

Before it was light we set out on the journey, and went three miles or more during which time we crossed five great streams. Near the crossing of the fourth river there was a shrine, and beside it ten or a dozen huts to which they gave the name of Shrine Village, Myo-dong Chun. We noticed that in every hamlet that we passed since leaving Pong-sung there was sure to be some shrine or temple to mark the place, sometimes a Buddhist hall, sometimes a temple to the spirit of the locality. In every village, however small, some such was evident. In places more remote perhaps it would be only a pile of stones that they had built up, not larger than a rice measure, with a picture in the middle of it, and before it an earthen brazier for incense. As for Kwan the God of War, seemingly every house offered him worship, sometimes by a picture, sometimes by an earthen image. Evening and morning incense was burned before him, and prostrations were made. The forms by which they worship the Buddha and other gods are according to what I have already stated.

We continued on our way some three miles and then crossed the Wang-sang pass, and again a mile further to Suk-moon Yung (Stone Gate). The elevation was not great but the road through the rocks was very narrow, just barely wide enough to let one cart go by. When we had reached the narrowest part we met a dozen carts drawn by oxen, which we got by only with the greatest difficulty; and three miles further

reached Cold Well. We pitched our tent here and had our morning meal. The Well (Naing-jung) from which the place takes its name, was at the side of the road. Its supply of water was most abundant. It came bubbling forth from the level earth and went rushing by twenty or thirty paces without freezing. At the side of the well I noticed a quantity of wild celery growing, and I was told that on the last journey the Envoy had some of it dug up and served with his meals.

Our party had decided to go by way of old Yo-dong so as to see the Yung-an Monastery and its white pagoda. After breakfast I went ahead some two or three miles, crossed a valley and entered a plain that stretched before us seemingly without limit. It was the famous Yo-dong plain. From this point the white pagoda is visible as it stands just outside the West Gate of the city, distant from us about ten miles.

Four monks met us at Naing-jung (Cold Well), and accompanied us from that point. Among them was a young man with a very intelligent face. I inquired of him as to whether he knew the way to The Thousand Hills (Chun San) and he answered, "If you go south of Yo-dong eighteen miles you will reach them." The hills, as he spoke of them and their temples, agree with the account given by Yi Wul-sa (李月沙) when he went to Peking as Envoy. I then drew forth a tablet of Chum-sim Wun (Medicine for the Pure in Heart) and handed it to him from my horse. He took it and looked it carefully over as though he was not quite sure how it ought to be taken.

Within bow-shot of the city we crossed a stone bridge that had a railing on each side of it. The walls of the city have fallen to ruin and only the heap of earth remains. Scarcely one brick is left upon another. For the outer coating of the wall, bricks had been used, but for the inside it was mostly earth, so when it had lost its outer support it had fallen to pieces.

At first view it seemed a very dirty and deserted place, but as we proceeded on our way, we found a market with crowds of people, much larger than that of Pong-sung. On the north side of the main thoroughfare there was an impos-

ing building with a high gate. I asked what place it was, and was told that the mayor of the city lived there. Near this gate before a shop was a wooden screen, and an inscription upon it bearing the character Tang. I was informed that it meant a pawn shop.

We went a square or two more, and the Buddhists who accompanied us led our way to the north toward a little hamlet and then beyond a hundred paces or so, near to the West Gate of the city, till we came to the Yung'an monastery. We entered the enclosure and found a number of little houses grouped together. I dismounted and went through the inner gate toward a high pavilion on which was written Chang-kyung Kak, or House of the Hidden Sutras. Beneath the pavilion was another gate, and within were houses on each side to east and west. I entered the east side building and found an old Buddhist priest sitting on the *kang*, steeping herbs. When he saw me coming he arose to greet me and offered me tea. I then got pen and paper and began to make enquiry by writing. The old priest had a serving lad reply for him, and I found the answers to be just the same as the priest had given me whom we met on the way. I wrote, "Next spring on my return from Peking, I wish to visit The Thousand Hills but I do not know the way. Will I be able to find someone in your monastery who will guide me?"

He replied, "Certainly."

I then wrote, "If there is such an one who will kindly show the way I'll see that he is rewarded liberally." Then I bade him goodbye writing this, "Let's meet again next spring."

The old priest however detained me and brought tea and fruits. The serving-man asked by pen, "What rank does your Excellency hold?"

My reply was, "I have no rank and no office."

He again asked, "In your country in what ways do you select your literati?"

I replied, "Matriculated students are selected according to their skill in writing verse; undergraduates by their knowledge of the Classics, and graduates by their acquaintance with

literary composition, prose and verse, and their skill in explaining the Classics."

He asked, "How many of the Classics do you have to repeat by heart?"

I replied, "The three sacred books of Poetry, History and Changes, and the four Lesser Ones, the Analects, Mencius, the Doctrine of the Mean, and the Great Learning."

He wrote again, "Do you not study the Ye Keui, or the Spring and Autumn Classic?" I answered, "Yes, we do." "They are oftentimes a part of the Three and then we call it Five." His answer was, "Thank you very much for telling me so fully." He asked again concerning the use of the Medicine for the Pure in Heart (Chung-sim) and added that his mother had some trouble in her chest and wanted to know if I had anything special for that. So I gave him one Chung-sim tablet and three So-hap or Reviving Pills and he was very thankful.

I asked their names and he wrote, Tan-wun, Che-sin, Eul-lai. I found that Eul-lai was his own name; that Che-sin was the name of the young priest I had met on the way, and that Tan-wun was the name of the old priest. I gave the old priest some Korean paper and a fan and then came away to see the various buildings. They were imposing and full of grandeur. In the meantime the Second Envoy and the Secretary had come and gone, starting off toward the white pagoda. I went out of the gate just in front and found the street filled with a great crowd of horses and carts. Shops lined each side of the way. Flags and signboards announced quantities of goods for sale. Many things were strange and new to me, wonders that I saw for the first time. Though I gazed to right and gazed to left I could not begin to take them all in. In the main street I saw a man who looked very like a countryman of my own but I did not learn his name.

The various places that we passed later, Mukden (瀋陽), T'ong-joo (通州) and Peking were all like Laoyang with this difference only, that some were larger, some smaller.

I went a quarter of a mile outside the West Gate where there was a stone bridge and a moat. To the north of the

bridge was a shrine, and outside the gate three stone pavilions. They were beautifully decorated and gilded and within them were two towers of two stories each. On the left side was a bell with this inscription "The Dragon Voice," while on the right was a drum marked "The Tiger Cry." Beyond this again was another gate of which the upper part of earth and wood was beautifully decorated. The entrance was marked by the name of the God of War while on the east side was a shrine erected to Chang Pi (張飛). In front were two guards who had a prisoner in hand, while he turned his head and gazed up at Chang Pi. His look was very impressive and I judged that it must be General Umah or some other high officer. We went into the main temple and the guard requested that we kowtow. He struck the bell till it resounded, and I went forward to the table and bowed before the Buddha. This beating of the bell is a custom of the place. Following this I went out of the side gate to the east, and then north along the edge of the lake. Here I met my brother. He had been to see the White Pagoda and was now returning to Yung-an Temple, accompanied by the Second Envoy and the Secretary.

I arrived at the White Buddha and found it octagonal in shape and thirteen stories high. There were three stairways leading up to it, but how high it was I am unable to tell. With each story there were projecting eaves on which wind bells were hanging. It was decorated with "Companion wheels" made fast by means of brass wire. On each side were representations of the Buddha, most elaborate in workmanship. One could only wonder at the amount of labour expended on them. It looked almost as though they had been made of the finest cement, but examining them more closely I found that they were of white stone. Tradition says that it was erected about 640 A. D., when king Tai-jong of the Tangs returned after his defeat of Korea but I cannot speak definitely in regard to this.

Behind the Pagoda was a large temple, the former name of which had been Kwang-oo Sa but it had fallen to ruins. In front of it is a stone marking the time when it had been repaired, the stone itself having been erected about 1520. It is now called the Shrine of Kwan-je. A half mile or so from

here is another large temple, and to the east of the Pagoda many smaller ones. I could not visit them all so I returned to Yung-an Sa. My brother at this time was in the Chang-kyung Kak, (Pavilion of the Hidden Sutra) along with the Second Envoy and the Secretary. I found him seated talking to an old Buddhist priest, a native of the province of Fu-kien whose family name was Chin. His face was very bright and intelligent, and he seemed well trained in literature and highly skilled in the use of the pen. After a short time they got up and took their departure, while the old priest and his disciples seeing me come a second time seemed very happy. They came out of the temple gate to welcome me and I followed them through the west gate into the guest room. This I found to be the lodging place of the old priest. On the table were many sacred sutras, beside which I saw also the Doctrine of the Mean and the Great Learning.

There was a young priest here of about fifteen years of age, whose name was Chung-bo, or Bright Treasure. He had an alert, intelligent look and his whole manner was most attractive. I had him read to me some passages from the sacred books. This he did and his voice was like the tinkling of gems, with no hesitating notes and no jarring sounds. From here to Old Yo-dong (Lao-tung) is not more than three or four miles. In the night when about to retire the Chinese interpreters sent me some Yung-an candy and other sweetmeats. I discovered later that it came from the Nan-too, so I declined to receive it and sent it back.

(To be Continued).

THE CRIMSON DAWN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF OLD MAN YE.

The brown and yellow thatch of two score houses sprawled in crooked, snake-like lines along the sandy shore of the sea. A Korean village is so winding and the streets or alley

ways so twisting and tortuous that a stranger visiting one for the first time is apt to wonder how in the world the people ever managed to make them so winding. The houses really are massed together with as little thought or plan as the unintentional grouping of kindergarten blocks dropped from the careless hand of a child. As each new builder adds a house or room to the original he branches off into whatsoever direction or shape his fancy pictures, and the village settles itself into irregular unexpected forms. The result of this accumulative method of village building in Saemal was true to this custom, the paths made many unbelievable windings and turns between mud houses, tumbled down gray roofs and stone encrusted walls. Except for a few well-to-do owners of the near-by rice fields the diminishing population of this little hamlet were mostly fishermen whose boats and nets comprised their chief worldly possessions and the daily haul of speckled, spotted, striped beauties, their stock in trade. The main street was nothing more than a dirty alley ending near the mouth of the small river which flowed from the distant hills to meet the sea at Saemal. With the receding and advancing waters the expanse of sand widens, then narrows, with the changing tides. Racks for drying fish are much in evidence. A few belated women still beat their clothes by the river bank. Scrawny pigs, mangy, blear-eyed dogs and naked children tumble and roll together on the beach.

It was one of the hottest days of an unusually hot July ; the air was laden with sickening odours from the heavily loaded racks and noxious miasma and from the sluggish slime-covered river. Poor little mountain stream, you have surely lost your way ! The silvery singing brooklet of your far home is now degenerated into a noisome, open sewer. Little stream, do you not remember the firm hard stretch of golden sand and your many happy wanderings between flower-decked banks ? How sad then must be your heart at this ignoble fate !

In the early twilight the fierce heat of the day had ended in a smoky redness amid which each rock, pebble and shell was giving forth the heat absorbed from the pitiless blaze of

the sun. Two small fishing smacks were lying close to the shore securely tethered for the night. Away somewhere between the purple hills and the sleeping river a dog howled. Out across the rippleless surface of the sea many gray hulls and brown sails lay motionless and calm, vividly silhouetted against the hot lurid sky.

A tall, well-built man came with swinging stride along the brink of the river, turned the corner by the fish-racks and passed into main street without a glance at the frolicking children or toiling women. He made his way along this narrow road with bowed head, and only now and then gave a frowning glance toward the crowded doorways. The steaming heat of the tiny houses had driven the majority of the inhabitants to seek a cooler place, and many of these were sitting or lying on straw mats just outside their door. The hour of evening had brought Grandfather Ye home from his rice field and when he reached his familiar old wall he entered the arched gate to the women's quarters. With no more greeting than a deeper frown to the busy workers there, he stretched himself full length upon the mat spread invitingly near upon the earthen floor of the open courtyard to take a well earned rest for his weary bones. Although Mr. Ye was a grandfather he was by no means an old man, but to the contrary was in the prime of a vigorous manhood. His life was embittered and hardened by the loss of his only son a few years past and by the disappointing hardness of fate in giving that son only a daughter to carry on the name and honor of the house of Ye. This balking of his desires and plans by an unkind fate was reflected in an unholy temper, and "Old Man Ye" as he was called by his neighbors was known by all of them as a hard old fellow. He was one of the few well-to-do farmers of the district but he was far too crafty and wise to show his wealth. He protected himself alike from official extortions and exactions on one side and from family demands on the other by the appearance and profession of poverty.

Lying now on the cool earth he gave vent to half muttered grumblings and complaints. The flies, the heat, the buzzing mosquitoes, the delay of supper, all these things

exasperated him and added fuel to his temper. His plaint was against all humanity in general but of his "lazy, good-for-nothing women folks" in particular. These long suffering ones, Mrs. Ye and her daughter-in-law, widow of the late lamented son, flew frantically about the courtyard and kitchen lean-to preparing the evening meal. Kumokie, the eight year old granddaughter, was hidden from Mr. Ye's vision by several huge earthen jars. Bethinking himself that a nice drink of cool water would help his feelings he raised himself upon his elbow and bellowed with all his might:

"Kumok-ah! Kumok-ah! You little beast come here! Why that silly mother of yours wanted to call you 'Golden jade' is more than I can see, vile, disappointing creature that you are! I shall call you 'Kangajie,' Little Dog,—much more suitable. Where are you? Come here or I'll beat more speed into your lazy body," all of which was entirely unnecessary and uncalled for. The trembling child had been standing just out of sight, and at the first call was right there before him, in her hand the big, dripping gourd of water. With a weary grunt Mr. Ye reached out his great hairy hand, took the water with an impatient gesture and drank long and deep. After his thirst was satisfied he gave the vessel a sudden flint and flipped the remaining water over the child. Kumokie was never surprised by any such affectionate move on the part of this man and so with silent, unchildlike solemnity she shook the drops from her hair and clothes while the man roared with laughter.

"Just exactly like a puppy I used to have! Kangajie! here Kangajie!" Mrs. Ye appeared at this moment carrying the tray-like table with the master's supper, and as he sampled the savory dishes thereon and lifted the chunks of snowy rice his temper improved and he felt in a real amiable frame of mind. By the time his flying chopsticks had emptied the rice bowl and disposed of the last of boiled fish he felt quite able to discuss family problems and important matters concerning the future of the house of Ye.

The bowls and fragments of the evening meal were finally cleared away, the kitchen shed was quiet for the night.

The tired, pale-faced woman whose only name was "Kumokie's mother," silently withdrew to the tiny room across the courtyard when the imperious call rang out from the sarang:

"Grandmother! Grandmother! Don't you know I am waiting for you in here? Why don't you let that worthless mother of Kumokie do the work of a daughter-in-law instead of doing it all yourself? Sure, you too have to work when we are as poor as we are, but that lazy thing ought to do her share too," said Mr. Ye as he knocked the ashes from his long stemmed pipe and proceeded to refill it with finely shredded tobacco. Timid, shrinking Mrs Ye was a very different type from her husband. That gentleman had peculiar characteristics which gave this gentle little woman many hours of care and anxiety. She was as colorless and faded as the sea on a rainy day. Her only desire was to remain unobserved and to keep from displeasing her lord and master any more than she could possibly help. He was a miser at heart and all the petty economies and bitter hardships of the much pressed home fell heaviest on her unprotected, shrunken shoulders. It was a matter of general conjecture that he had many rich fields in distant parts, besides fishing smacks and tackle, but never did he admit the ownership of anything besides the few fields in the immediate neighborhood of Saemal. Mrs. Ye had secret knowledge of these facts at which others so shrewdly guessed, but only once, and that in her early married life, had she even hinted at such a thing. Such was the tempest of abuse and the hardness of the blows called down on her luckless head that never again had she been so indiscreet. As for the whereabouts of the secret hiding place of the suspected gains, she knew no more about it than did the others and probably gave less thought to the question, for she had more important and personal matters to face. Another outstanding characteristic of this miser farmer was his intense fear of the unseen. Many say that it is the women of Korea who keep alive the ancient superstitions concerning the evil spirits, the goblins, and folk-lore of old Korea, but here was one man who was quite the equal with any old wife

in his fear of offending some spirit. There was no well defined religious belief in his heart concerning these beings whom he feared. Some of his superstitions he culled from the Buddhists, some from the lowly sorceress, while others which he treasured most were those things concerning the worship of his ancestors. It was an all important necessity to leave behind him a son to offer fitting and proper sacrifices to these august beings. There is no doubt that the desire to obtain for his own soul the proper reverence when he should shuffle off this mortal coil was also a major consideration. It seems truly remarkable that he had never taken unto himself other wives or concubines, and he frequently gave voice to his dissatisfaction and grudge against fate for his present son-less state. This discontentment was written on every feature as he sat and called his wife that evening with harsh voiced words. Mrs. Ye knew that this interview was not apt to be a pleasant one, so it was with visible timidity that she answered the summons and entered the stuffy room in which he sat. She seated herself in silence. Her thin tired hands working and twisting within the folds of her apron were trembling evidence of the condition of her mind.

"Speak, woman! Can't you say anything?"

"Yes, my lord, what shall I say?" was the low-voiced reply.

"Oh, well, of course! who would be so stupid as to expect conversation from a woman? Answer my question about your daughter-in-law. Why doesn't she work? Everyone about this place has to work to make a living. I really do not expect you to make intelligent conversation, but it is supposed that you know how to manage household matters. Hey, can't you make your daughter-in-law obey you? Shame!" the scolding voice rose to a perfect roar.

"Do you expect me, a poor farmer, to support a woman like that in luxury and idleness? A daughter-in-law without a son ought to be turned out altogether, I say."

"Yes, Oh yes, indeed she does do all she can," wailed the harassed woman.

"Truly she does all she is able. Don't you remember

that I have told you how ill she is at times ? Since it is the great white sickness, I fear that she may die soon. Did you not say that you could not and would not have another funeral this year ?" His injustice and seeming forgetfulness so far overcame her fear and timidity as to make this long speech possible. Just at this moment, as if to justify her defence there came from the room across the court the hollow, racking cough of a consumptive.

"Oh, don't be afraid of that, she is just playing off, I've seen the like before. No danger of her dying soon, that cough is put on, just don't pay any attention to such tricks and she will soon stop it." But the uneasy look in his eyes as he listened to the harrowing sounds from the dark room across the way belied his brave words. After all it was easier to keep a living woman even though she was idle than to bury a dead one, especially when she ate next to nothing, and never had need of new clothes. When a member of the family dies, although during life she may have been only a despised and abused daughter-in-law, a disembodied spirit is something to be taken into consideration, besides a funeral is a very expensive item. To be sure it had never entered father Ye's mind to try to win love and gratitude from that poor tired heart while she lived. It would have given her scant comfort to know that when her spirit was released from that quivering, toil worn body that every mark of respect would be given her, because, forsooth this man feared the harm she might then do to him. Mr. Ye sat listening to these uneasy sounds which came from the *kunapang* and frowned upon his wife as though she were to blame for this too, as for all other domestic trials, but for once her mind was so taken up with other important things that she did not shrink from the blazing eyes, but sat quietly waiting until the great question which engrossed her thought should be brought up for discussion. The frown of the master deepened as he looked at this woman who had been his partner for thirty years and more. Three sons and two daughters she had borne him, but only one had escaped the dread scourge of childhood, the small-pox demon. Now this last son, the pride and joy of his heart,

was also dead and he was wondering again for the hundredth time why he had been such a fool as to never take another wife. Deep in his heart he knew that he would never do anything that would call for such an outlay of his precious money. One household was enough expense, two was out of the question. As for the patient little wife, she was now as always the humble servant, there was no question of love given or received. It is to be doubted if any idea of wifely help above this dumb service and dog-like fidelity had ever entered her mind, or if so such tender thoughts had been killed and buried so long ago that they were forgotten.

After several minutes of reminiscent silence Mr. Ye drew a long breath and asked with seeming indifference :

"Well, did the *chungmae* (go-between, or professional matchmaker) come to-day ?"

"Yes, she came," this brought up the important matter which was on her mind and the old wife sat straighter and took visible interest in this question.

"Um, very good. No doubt those poor Kims in the city are only too glad to have their son marry our grand-child and become also our adopted son ?" This statement was made with the rising inflection of interrogation, but by these words he revealed another strong characteristic, an intense egotism coupled with the determination to connect his family with some old aristocratic blood, that the gold he cherished and hoarded so carefully might build up a great house to the name of Ye and do memory to him as to the founder of such an estate.

Thus he was not merely on the outlook for some man willing to let his son be adopted by another, but he had very definite ideas about what kind of family it should be from which he took this son. After his own boy died this idea took deep root in his mind and now he was fully determined to carry out his purpose. The Kims were certainly one of the best and most aristocratic and high bred families in all that part of Korea, and since they had long ago lost their money he had little doubt that they would receive his proposal gladly.

"This woman says that they are willing to consider it since they have two older sons, but I am not sure that they are glad to do it for they are asking a goodly sum of money in exchange which I am sure you will not be willing to give, or, I mean, which you will not be able to grant I fear. Then they are so proud and high-minded she says that they will have very little to do with common people."

The dark eyes opposite glittered with a dangerous light as he snapped :

"The slave dealers! How much do they want?"

"Fifty thousand yang." The answering voice was low and sad.

"What? Dare you to say that again! They must know that I a poor man have not that much money," he shrieked in fury.

This was a very dramatic situation indeed, the clashing of two of the deepest feelings of his heart, the desire and determination to have a son, even though an adopted son, and the love of gold, that miserly instinct which so far had been the ruling passion of his life.

Kumokie, the proposed wife for this prospective son, was no more taken into account in these plans than if she had been some inanimate chattel on her grandfather's farm. He wanted a son, she was old enough to marry, and by this stroke of diplomacy these two expensive birds would be killed with one stone. There would be one great, grand occasion instead of two and thus save money; that, as always, was the main consideration.

Far into the night the conference continued. The pride and standoffishness of the honorable Kim family made it seem to the plebeian Ye a most desirable thing to form an alliance with such, and he was beginning to fear that this aristocrat was only making a politer refusal to his overtures by demanding a much larger amount of money than he thought Ye possessed. This fear was increased by the realization that it must be a secret deal, for if people heard of such a transaction he would never again be able to pose as a poor man, as poor as he desired others to think him to be.

The final decision was to offer twenty thousand yang for the privilege of adopting the third son of Kim, who should become the husband of Kumokie, or, which according to Korean custom would be the other way around, the husband of Kumokie would be adopted by her grandfather as his heir.

While this discussion was under way one of those principally concerned was asleep in the stuffy little *kunapang* across the court-yard. She is a tiny thing for even eight years, almost a baby. The smooth, soft skin is a creamy pink on throat and arms, shading into a healthy tan on cheek and brow, the golden brown of summer sun reflected by the sea sands. With a babyish movement she flung one plump little arm over her head. The sad hearted, sleepless woman watching by her side stifled a sob and gathered the beloved form to her heart.

"Oh! my baby! my baby! They would sell you, too. They would give you in exchange for something they want. But they shall not do it! They shall not, I swear it. There! There now, precious, don't cry! Its just mother. There! there now, go back to sleep." This last was accompanied by a light tap, tap, on her stomach, for the passionate embraces had half wakened the child. After a while the quite regular breathing told that the little one was again in dream land and the mother took up her soliloquy.

"Only a girl! Only a little girl! But you are mine,—all mine! Who else has cared for you or loved and protected you but *me*? You are only a girl to them,—no good to the family, only a burden and expense. Ah! But you are my life. None shall take you from me, my own, until they have first taken that poor worthless life of mine! Yes, but what am I? Only a dying helpless woman." This, punctuated with painful coughing spells.

What, indeed, was she to take a stand against old man Ye? Homeless, friendless, dying, to whom can she turn?

"O God of Heaven, if there indeed be such a God who cares and loves us, have mercy upon me! Oh God I don't know how to pray, and I used to laugh when the people in the great city tried to teach me about you. If there isn't such

a God, there ought to be because we poor helpless ones need one so much. Help me Oh! God, help me to be a good woman. Save my precious baby from the fate that has been mine. Please save Kumokie, God. Don't bother about me if its any trouble, for I'm all worthless and am just about to die, but please save my little girl. Amen."

CHAPTER II.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE AND POVERTY.

The honorable Mr. Kim was very nearly as poor in this world's goods as Farmer Ye pretended to be, which is saying a great deal. To be as poor Ye wished others to believe him to be, was to have few comforts and no luxuries in life. This was an impoverished and luckless branch of a wealthy family. Noble blood ran in the veins of Kim, blood as blue as any in Korea, and for many generations they held themselves to be superior to ordinary people. Marriages, particularly those of the sons, had always been arranged with great care. Daughters, too, must be well placed in life, that was a parent's manifest duty. When they were married they became part of another tribe and as such of far less importance than the son.

Aristocratic families have always held great honor in this land of Morning Calm. No matter how tumbled down the fortunes or depleted the treasury, still to be a Yang-ban is something greatly prized and to be revered by all comers. There comes a long dreaded day to all such when veneration for their position and nobility, however, can no longer call forth a willing and ready loan of cash. What a sense of the divine rights of the upper classes Mr. Kim must possess to be able to approach a friend like Mr. Cho when he can scarcely fail to remember that he has not returned to him the last,—no, nor the loan before the last, or before that. Whenever, in fact, did he ever repay anything? Such sang-froid is to be admired even though disapproved. Be it said to the credit of our friend Kim that he seldom held it against a man that he was unresponsive to his need. He was more nearly angry at Cho for his refusal than he had ever been before, because he expected better things from him. Never before had he failed

him. To be sure Cho was but a common fellow, but he had made considerable money by careful investment and high rates of interest, though he had required no interest from the honorable Kim. He calculated that it was worth a goodly sum once in a while just to have this autocrat as a regular visitor at his *sarang*, and so paid for it as he would any other commodity he wished to buy. This had gone on so long that it was the expected thing. Kim began to look upon it as something of a right, and he had never asked Cho for large sums of money, though of late his requests had been more frequent.

"Well, friend, can you let me have a few cash to-day?" became such a common refrain that Cho tired of it. At any rate his own position in the neighborhood was quite assured and there was no further need of social aid. Why should he help the beggarly Kims any more? Thus argued Cho of the money bags, and, upheld by this righteous decision, he stammered out an embarrassed refusal.

Angry, humiliated, and surprised the gentleman of leisure left the *sarang*, and as he made his way down the crowded city street he mumbled to himself:

"Things have come to a pretty pass in this land when a gentleman of uprightness is met with such discourtesy. It's enough to make my grandfather rise from the grave." It was many years since he had taken much thought of his resources, or rather his lack of resources, and as long as he was able to borrow a little here and there or to sell something of his few remaining possessions he never let such sordid details of this world bother him. Now in this uncereemonious way Cho had forced him to regard this matter and to think of his debts and to face the future.

"What shall I do? Of a surety I can't work, that would be a lasting disgrace and is not to be thought of, besides I'm too frail," as he pressed his soft hands together in a gesture of helplessness and bewilderment. Cho had always been such a good friend before and had demanded neither interest nor security, though other money lenders were not so considerate and many and pressing were the debts which faced him. To

one of this man's sanguine and optimistic turn of mind debts after all were only abstract sort of things and need cause little worry unless they got too pressing, then to be sure they could be quite annoying and irritating. Five years before this time Mr. Kim's father had died and he as the only son became head of the family. Funerals and weddings are times of great importance here and many are the homes which have been mortgaged, many the families impoverished for years in order that the head of the family should be buried with fitting honor and ceremony. Every loyal son of old Korea is apt to say that Kim did only his duty and fulfilled his filial obligation when he mortgaged his homestead and the one small rice field left of his inheritance and spent it all in one grand splurge at the father's funeral and at the appointed times of sacrifice during the two years of mourning. None could deny that the dying glory of the house of Kim flared up in a blaze of brightness and splendor. Such feasting! Such wine! Food of the best and in plenty, proper new mourning clothes for all. This unusual grandeur brought a glow of pride to the heart of Kim and he walked with a little extra stagger; just a little more pride was visible in the way he held his head and it is to be feared that he thought little of the price he would one day be forced to pay for this brave show so long as any of it were left to enjoy. The money-lender into whose hands he had fallen was one of those usury sharks who flourish and thrive on just this sort of pride and folly. The extortionate rate of interest demanded is such that one wonders how any sane man can ever be so foolish as to accept the conditions, but there is abundant evidence that there are nevertheless many who put themselves thus in the power of the usurer. According to the accounts of the latter Mr. Kim now owed him several times the amount actually received and he now declared that the time had come to foreclose the mortgage which he held. Mr. Kim's thoughts naturally took this line as he slowly wound his way towards home. After a few turns in the crooked alley he came to a stone bridge spanning a small stream. Below the bridge there was an inviting shade tree and several large stones for resting places and thither he turned

his steps. He sat and thought back on his career. He was not given to introspection but the shock given to his sensibilities by friend Cho had shaken him out of his usual carelessness and lethargy. So he sat and stared with unseeing eyes at the distant hills. He thought of his boyhood, the years of his young manhood and of his later life. This review took some time and the longer he thought the more disgusted and discouraged he became. A kaleidoscopic view of his life passed before him. The shadows of the summer afternoon grew more oblique, the blue of the hills turned to purple. Still Kim sat and stared and thought until out of this searching survey of the past one leading fact took definite shape. This was not an easy path to follow. The man was not a deep thinker, no facile analyst of self. This was the first time in his life that he had unflinchingly faced the disagreeable outlook and the unpleasant situation and acknowledged that it was his fault. Suddenly this afternoon he had been plunged into this experience and been brought face to face with the question of failure. Had he made failure of his life? It surely did not wear the face of success, and yet he had been wont to meet the world with a feeling of superiority, with an exalted "Better-than-thou" attitude towards others. He did not realize that this failure of his was due to the inability to put the proper value on things. From a long line of ancestors he had inherited the idea that work was only for the common people and that the spending of money, not earning it, was a gentleman's duty. But Kim was now on the verge of losing his home, all would then be gone. How could he hold up his head before the relations and neighbors, a gentleman without his ancestral home? Then he would have little or no hold longer on respectability.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" groaned the unhappy man as he lifted his eyes to the tree tops as though seeking aid and instruction from them. The usual resort of the Korean gentleman under these conditions is his relatives. The family tie is very strong, and while any member of it has money at his command, all the other less fortunate feel quite at liberty to call upon him. There was none such moneyed

member in his clan to whom Kim could go in this hour of need. He himself was the head of this branch of the house and had done his part with the little he had to help the other less lucky ones, but as he thought over his list of kinfolk now, he was forced to admit that none of them were any better off than he. No, it was useless to go to them for help. His three sons, two daughters-in-law and his wife would surely be turned out homeless on the cold, unfeeling world! Then what would they do? This was a sad possibility that brought the gentleman to his feet with a start. Hurriedly he headed in a fast walk for home. That home was dearer to him than ever before because it was beginning to seem so uncertain, and he wanted to see that nothing had harmed it in his absence. When he entered his gate he was much more humble than usual and more in the mood to listen to the propositions of the unusual old woman whom he found there than he would otherwise have been. Whangsi, the Chungmae, or Match-maker and go-between, had just been having a heart to heart talk with Mrs. Kim, and that excellent lady had just arrived at the conclusion that the best way to retrieve their broken fortunes and recover the lost homestead was to drive a bargain with old man Ye of the sea side village of Saemal who was of reputed wealth and anxious to adopt a son from a family of the gentry. Mr. Kim entered his wife's room to find the two of them awaiting him most eagerly with argument and the method of attack all carefully arranged.

(To be Continued).

